



WEB COMIC
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CALLING ALL
BOYS

CALLING ALL

MAY No. 17

10¢

BOYS

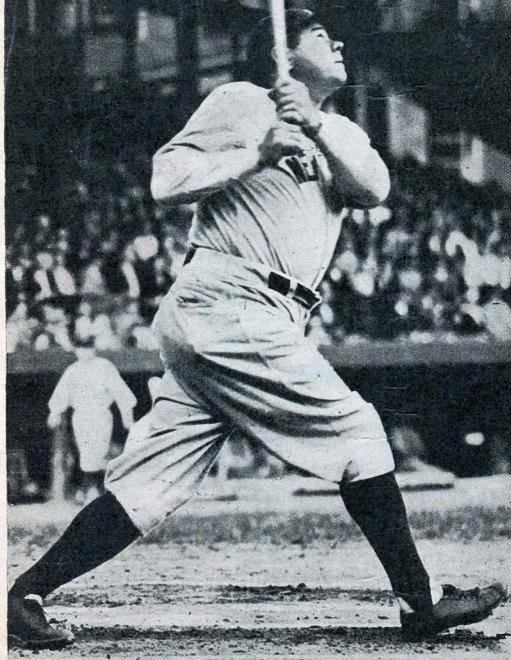
Featuring **TEX GRANGER**



COMICS STORIES SPORTS

BOYS' HERO OF THE MONTH

Babe
Ruth



A nurse entered the hospital room. "Johnny," she said softly, "sit up a moment. Someone is here to see you." But Johnny didn't feel like sitting up. He didn't care about getting up again . . . ever.

Since his operation, twelve-year-old Johnny had been slowly and surely losing strength. "He needs a lift," the doctors said, "something to give him the will to live."

The door opened. Into the room walked a tall, husky man. For a while he sat at the foot of Johnny's bed and talked baseball. As Johnny's eyes began to sparkle, he promised to perform a miracle. "Know what I'm going to do this afternoon? I'm going to hit a home run—just for you! Hurry up and get well, Johnny, so you can come out to see me play."

The visitor was George Herman Ruth, the "Babe"! And that afternoon he kept his promise. He poled out a long home run for Johnny, the bedridden youngster.

After that, Johnny just HAD to get well!

The incident is typical of Babe Ruth. In his greatest years as a home-run slugger, he never forgot anyone, especially a youngster, who needed a break. Nor has he forgotten his own orphan boyhood.

In Baseball's Hall of Fame, the Babe will be remembered as the king of sluggers, but in the days when your dad was a boy, the Bambino was a left-handed star with the Boston Red Sox. He still holds the World Series record for scoreless innings pitched—45—established with the Red Sox in 1916 and 1918.

During his career, Babe Ruth belted 708 home runs. For eleven years he hit 40 or more round-trippers, and for twelve years he led the league in this department. At bat and afield, he holds more records than any other player in baseball history! At one time, in 1930-31, his salary reached eighty thousand dollars. The Babe made more than a million dollars during his years of stardom—and he was worth every penny of it! It is said that he looked as good striking out as an ordinary batter did hitting a home run. His name is still a household word—and his deeds have become legendary.

Let's turn the clock back to the World Series of 1932, Ruth's last Series. In Chicago one-day, Charlie Root was pitching for the Cubs. The Babe had already collected one home run and the Chicago bench jockeys were riding him hard. Late in the game, Ruth strode to the plate. On the first pitch, he swung and missed. The crowd jeered. The Babe held up his hand. "Still two strikes to go," he seemed to be saying. Root served up another offering. Babe swung—and missed again. The crowd roared in derision.

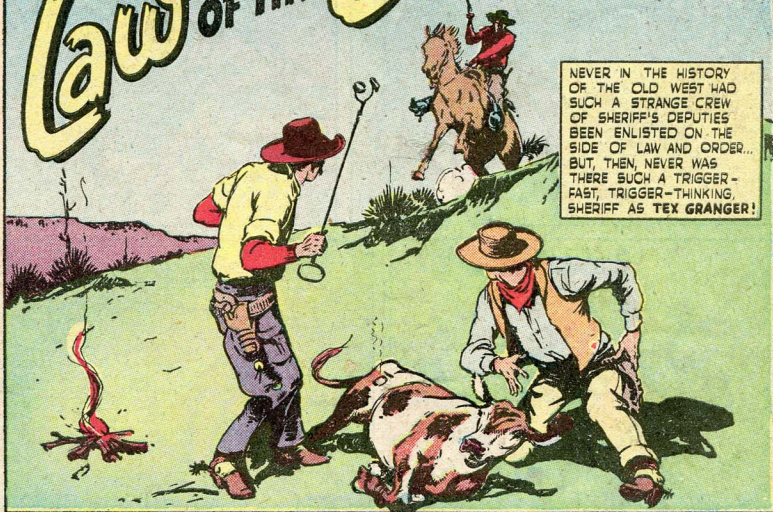
As the fans continued their clamor, the Babe pointed a long forefinger toward the farthest point in the park, the flagpole in center field. There could be no mistaking his meaning—to hit the next pitch for a home run.

And he did exactly that, creating a famous Ruthian legend that will endure as long as Americans play baseball—forever!

Now, ten years after his retirement as an active player, the Babe is still "going to bat" for the youngsters whose idol he remains—for his Babe Ruth Foundation is dedicated to providing a break for deserving boys who, like himself, started life with two strikes against them.

TEX GRANGER in the

Law OF THE Longhorns

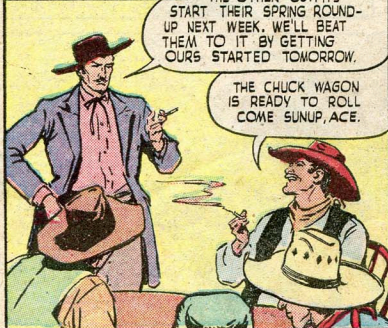


NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WEST HAD SUCH A STRANGE CREW OF SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES BEEN ENLISTED ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER... BUT, THEN, NEVER WAS THERE SUCH A TRIGGER-FAST, TRIGGER-THINKING, SHERIFF AS TEX GRANGER!

ACE KINCAID, RENEGADE GAMBLER AND NEW OWNER OF THE BAR O RANCH, LAYS HIS PLANS BEFORE GUN-SLINGING HENCHMEN.

THE OTHER OUTFITS START THEIR SPRING ROUND-UP NEXT WEEK, WE'LL BEAT THEM TO IT BY GETTING OURS STARTED TOMORROW.

THE CHUCK WAGON IS READY TO ROLL COME SUNUP, ACE.



THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO LAY OUR BRANDS ON THEIR CALVES AND THROW THEM IN WITH OURS!

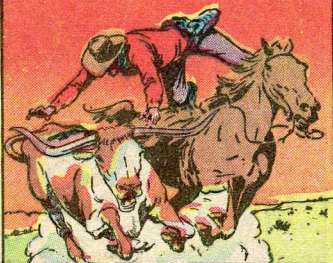


TEX GRANGER, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING SHERIFF OF ARIZONA CITY, IS MAKING A ROUTINE INSPECTION OF THE RANGE, WHEN —

GET MOVING, BULLET!
THAT LONGHORN IS
WEARING HER
WAR PAINT!



I HATE TO DO THIS,
BOSSIE, BUT YOU'RE
CALLING THE TURN.



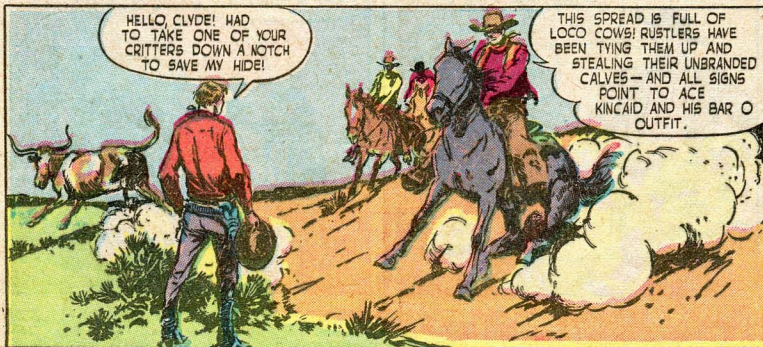
...AND ONE GOOD TURN
DESERVES ANOTHER!



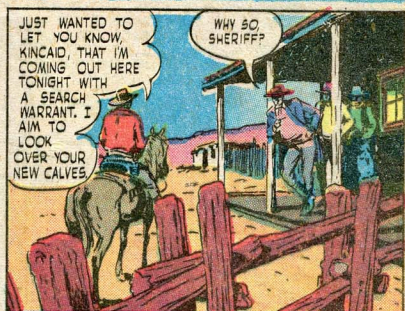
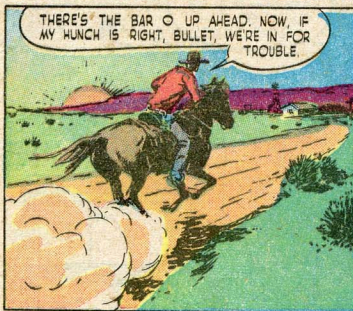
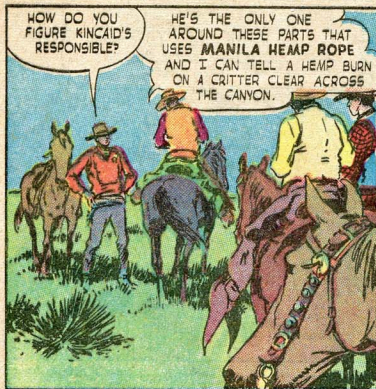
ROPE-BURNS ON THE
LEGS! NO WONDER YOU'RE
RILED UP, YOUNG LADY!



HELLO, CLYDE! HAD
TO TAKE ONE OF YOUR
CRITTERS DOWN A NOTCH
TO SAVE MY HIDE!

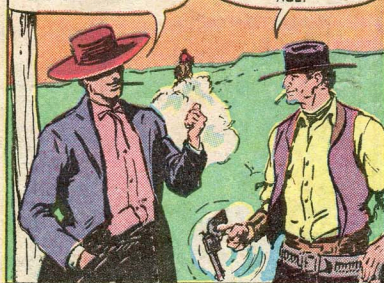


THIS SPREAD IS FULL OF
LOCO COWS! RUSTLERS HAVE
BEEN TYING THEM UP AND
STEALING THEIR UNBRANDED
CALVES — AND ALL SIGNS
POINT TO ACE
KINCAID AND HIS BAR O
OUTFIT.



KINCAID GIVES POINTED ORDERS TO HIS GUNMAN—
GET GUNNING FOR THAT
TINHORN SHERIFF TONIGHT!
AND MAKE IT LOOK
LIKE SELF-DEFENSE.

I'VE HAD A LOT OF
EXPERIENCE—UH—
DEFENDING MYSELF,
ACE!



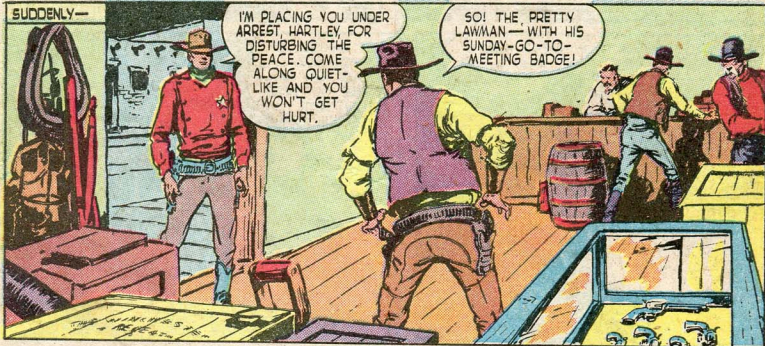
THAT NIGHT... THIS TEX GRANGER JASPER
IS A LILY-LIVERED FOURFLUSHER! HE'S
HIGH AND MIGHTY WITH A TWENTY-MAN
POSSE AROUND HIM, BUT ALONE HE'S
BUZZARD BAIT TO A GENT LIKE ME



SUDDENLY—

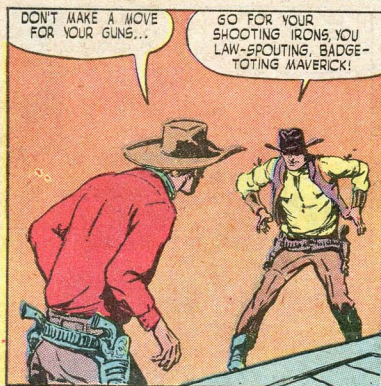
I'M PLACING YOU UNDER
ARREST, HARTLEY, FOR
DISTURBING THE
PEACE. COME
ALONG QUIET-
LIKE AND YOU
WON'T GET
HURT.

SO! THE, PRETTY
LAWMAN— WITH HIS
SUNDAY-GO-TO-
MEETING BADGE!



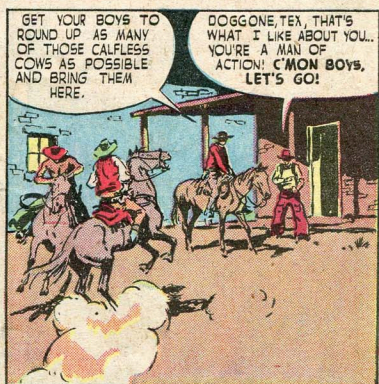
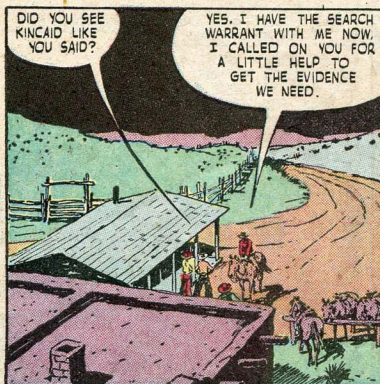
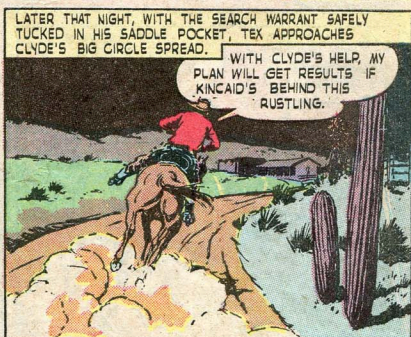
DON'T MAKE A MOVE
FOR YOUR GUNS...

GO FOR YOUR
SHOOTING IRONS, YOU
LAW-SPOUTING, BADGE-
TOTING MAVERICK!



TEX'S HANDS BECOME BLURRED STREAKS AND—

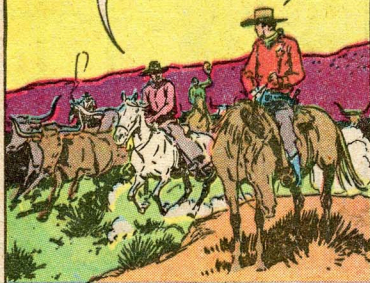




A FEW HOURS LATER...

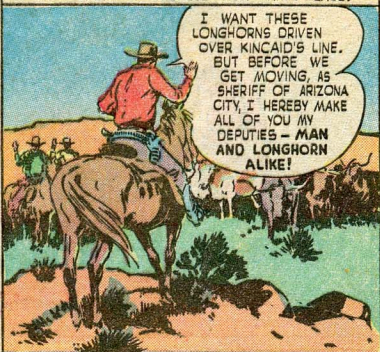
HERE'S ALL THE CRITTERS WE COULD FIND, TEX.

THAT'S GREAT, BOYS! NOW EVERYBODY LISTEN...



THEN ONE OF THE STRANGEST "SWEARING-INS" IN THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WEST TAKES PLACE!

I WANT THESE LONGHORNS DRIVEN OVER KINCAID'S LINE. BUT BEFORE WE GET MOVING, AS SHERIFF OF ARIZONA CITY, I HEREBY MAKE ALL OF YOU MY DEPUTIES - MAN AND LONGHORN ALIKE!



SAV, WHAT'S GOT INTO THE SHERIFF? MAKING COWS HIS DEPUTIES!

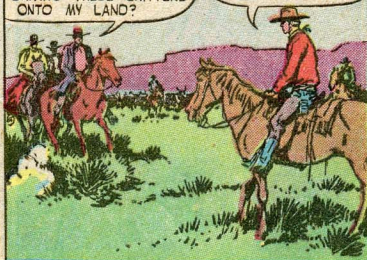
I DON'T KNOW—BUT I HOPE GRANGER KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!



AT KINCAID'S BAR O SPREAD...

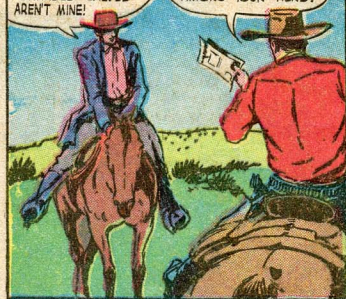
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DRIVING THESE CRITTERS ONTO MY LAND?

THESE COWS HAPPEN TO BE MY DEPUTIES, KINCAID!



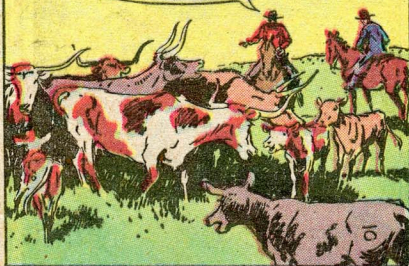
IS THIS A JOKE OF SOME KIND? YOU CAN'T PROVE THESE NEWLY-BRANDED CALVES AREN'T MINE!

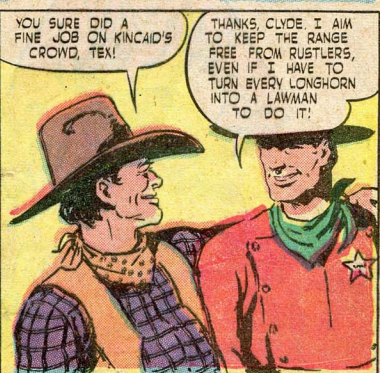
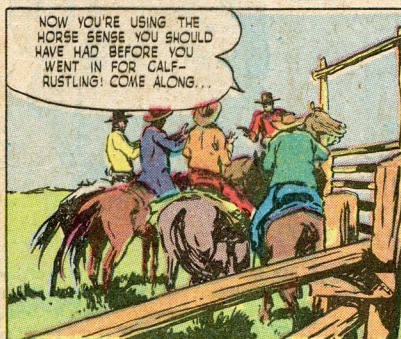
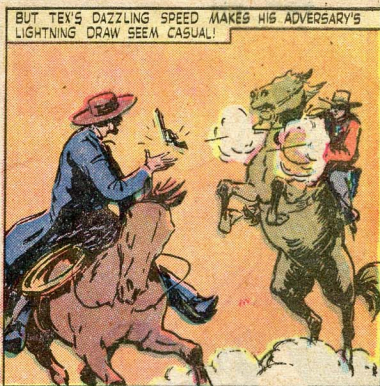
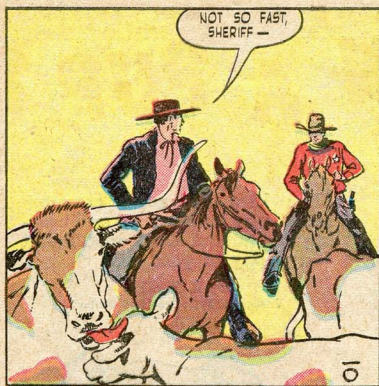
YOU'LL FIND IT'S NO JOKE IF MY DEPUTIES FIND ANY RUSTLED CALVES AMONG YOUR HERD!



AS KINCAID WATCHES WITH DISMAY, EACH MOTHER COW SEEKS OUT HER MISSING CALF.

I RECKON THAT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED, KINCAID. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR RUSTLING!





PICKIN' A PUP?

Then here are some common-sense rules for choosing and training that faithful four-legged friend—a puppy of your own

By B. RITTER.

Author of "Some True Fish Stories"



YOU have some money jingling in your pocket and you don't know whether to buy a bike or roller skates. Or maybe you're thinking about buying a dog. Well, we have no bone to pick with *that* idea! But you need more than money if you're in the market for a pooch.



AND HERE'S WHY

A boy who falls for the first pair of big glistening eyes that looks pleadingly at him is usually buying four-legs-and-a-cold-nose-worth of Trouble! In the first place, if the puppy is over six months old, you'll have a hard time winning his affections because he has probably become attached to someone else. And if he comes from a large-sized breed, he may eat you out of your allowance!

But most important of all in choosing a dog is the matter of health. That's why you should, if possible, take a veterinary with you when you "shop." He'll look for signs of distemper, running eyes, a cough, diarrhea, and a temperature over 102 degrees. There are other danger signs, too. If the pup is over five months old and his teeth are discolored, beware! Crooked and enlarged limbs indicate rickets. Ears should be pink on the inside, satin-smooth, and free from inflammation. Test his hearing by standing behind him and clapping your hands. If you do not attract the pup's attention, pass him up in favor of one who responds.



Once you're made your choice and—happy day!—brought your puppy to his new home, of course you'll want to keep him happy. So watch his meals carefully. Milk, eggs, fish, vegetables, and breakfast foods are good for him. Meat is the most important item, but you needn't worry too much about its quality. Your puppy will like the cheapest cuts of beef and lamb, especially if they contain less than ten percent of fat. He'll also enjoy hearts, kidneys, and livers. If he won't eat these foods raw, be a good sport and partially cook them for him.

Milk will not cause your dog to have worms nor will meat breed viciousness, as you may have been told. However, canines should not be given chicken bones (which might stick in his throat), sweets, nor too many starches.

How often and how much should a dog be fed? Well, don't follow *his* judgment! Give him three meals a day if he's over four months old; one-year-olds thrive on only two feedings. If you want him to be *your* dog, feed him yourself.

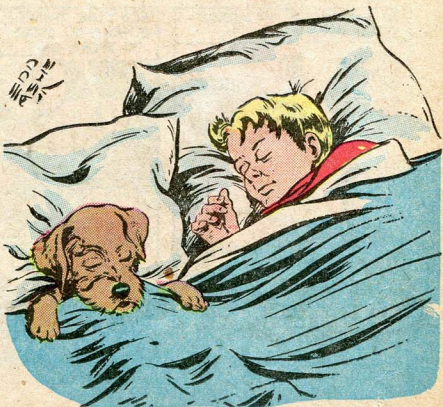
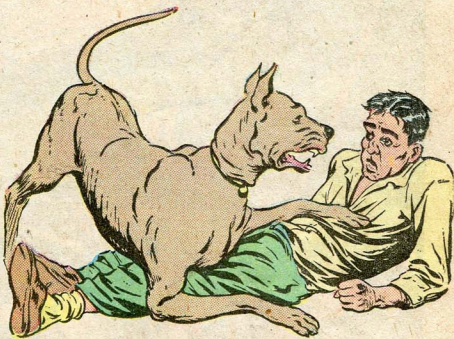
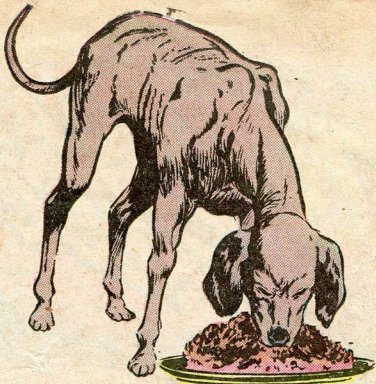
You'll want your family to love your dog, too, so be sure to train him properly. If he isn't housebroken, he'll have a hard time winning Mother's affection. And if he jumps all over your sister's new dress, *she* won't care very much for him, either! Teaching your dog not to paw and jump on people isn't too hard. Just bump his nose with the flat of your hand, saying "Down!" sharply at the same time.

Dad will certainly be cross if your dog's whining and barking are not controlled. A dog may bark because he is frightened by his new surroundings, so it's better to reassure him than to scold him. Show him affection often. If he barks because of night noises, turn on the lights and let him see that all's well. As soon as he feels secure, he'll stop barking.

To teach your dog to come when called, tie a long rope around his neck and let him wander off while you hold one end of the rope. Then call him, giving the leash a tug, and very soon he'll understand that you want him to come toward you. When he does, praise and pet him. Before long, he'll be coming at your call without having to be tied.

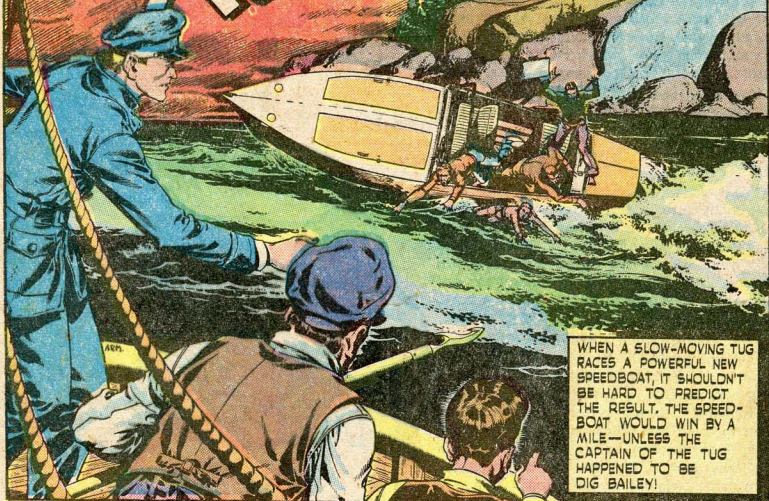
Instead of feeling discouraged because your puppy relieves himself about fifteen times a day, place layers of newspaper in his corner. When he starts to sniff and squat, transfer him to the paper. If it's too late, go through the motions anyway, scolding him as you do so. In a few days he'll "catch on." Be sure to praise him then.

Select your dog with care, feed him with caution, train him with patience—and you'll soon have a faithful companion you wouldn't trade for all the bikes, skates, or double malteds in the world!



DIG BAILEY'S

TUGBOAT RESCUE



WHEN A SLOW-MOVING TUG RACES A POWERFUL NEW SPEEDBOAT, IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO PREDICT THE RESULT. THE SPEED-BOAT WOULD WIN BY A MILE—UNLESS THE CAPTAIN OF THE TUG HAPPENED TO BE DIG BAILEY!

AS THE TUGBOAT "BROADSIDE" STEAMS DOWN THE BAY...

DIG! DIG!
LOOK AT
THE SHORE!
THAT
SPEEDBOAT!



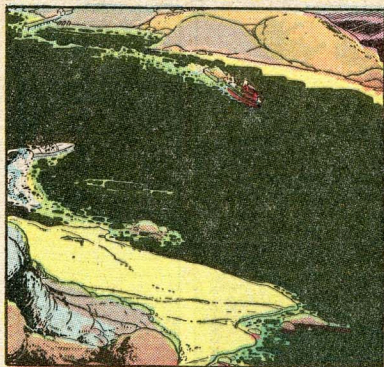
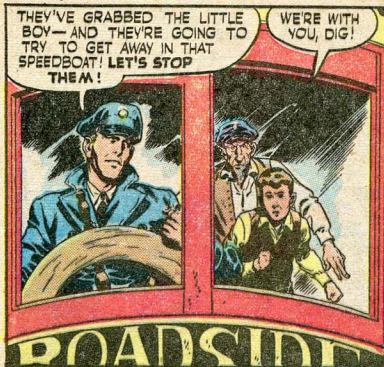
HOW COME THEY'RE GOING IN SO CLOSE TO SHORE, DIG?

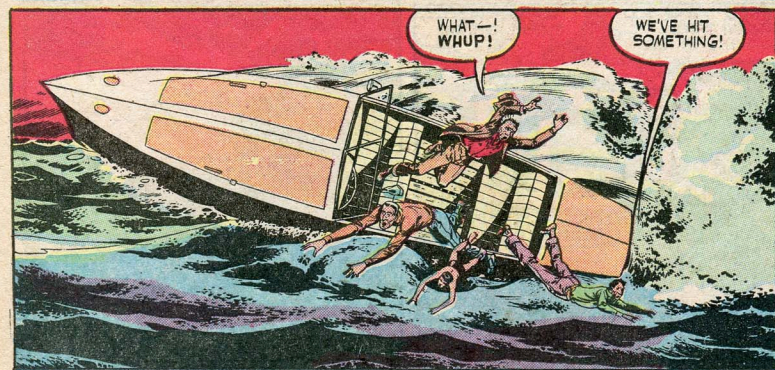
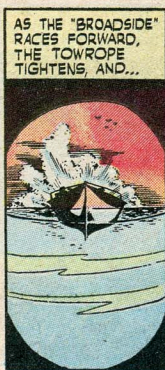
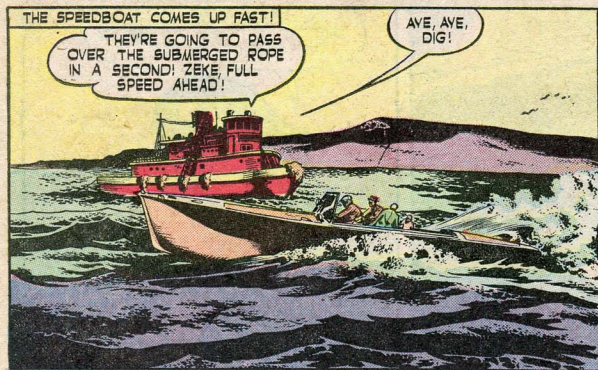
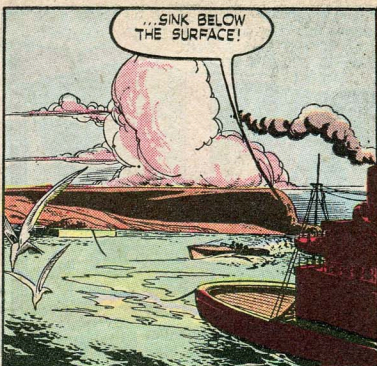
I—I'M NOT SURE, TUFFY, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE—



A KIDNAPPING!









ZEKE, HEAD FOR SHORE!
WE'LL SOON HAVE THESE
KIDNAPPERS LOCKED UP!

KIDNAPPERS?
SO **THAT'S** WHAT
YOU THOUGHT?



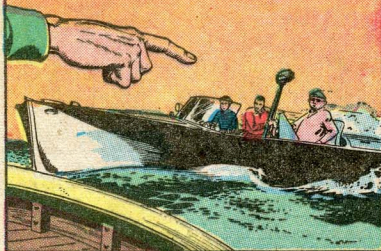
YOU LUNKHEAD, WE
WERE SHOOTING A FILM!

AND YOUR
STUPID BLUNDER
HAS RUINED THE
WHOLE SCENE!

ULP...



HERE COMES THE
DIRECTOR NOW. HE'LL
HAVE YOUR HIDE
FOR THIS!



BUT, WHEN THE DIRECTOR COMES ABOARD...

BRAVO! BRAVO!
NEVAIR DID I ~~SEE~~
SUCH ACTION YOU
ARE A GENIUS—

BUT—



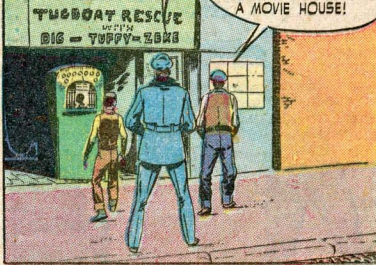
NOT A WORD! WE WEEL REWRITE
THE SCRIPT ABOUT THIS SCENE
AND IT WEEL BE THE HIT OF
THE PICTURE. AND YOU
GENTLEMEN—WEEL BE THE HIT
OF THE FILM!



WEEKS LATER!

WELL, FELLOWS, WHAT
DO YOU THINK OF **THAT!**

PROVES AN OLD
SAYING I JUST
MADE UP. DIG. GIVE
A SAILOR ENOUGH
ROPE — AND HE'LL
HANG HIS NAME ON
A MOVIE HOUSE!



As Told to Art Schliff

by **BOBBY THOMSON**
New York Giants'
Center Fielder

How often we've wondered what it's like—breaking into the majors and reaching out for baseball stardom! For the real lowdown, Coach's Corner asked the young New York Giant star Bobby Thomson, one of last season's "Rookies of the Year." From Bobby, we got the inside dope on his own sky-rocketing career, and plenty of valuable advice for ambitious young stars of future seasons:

Actually, (Bobby says) I have only one full season of minor league baseball behind me, not enough to qualify me as an expert—not by a long shot! When people ask me what part of my minor league training I found most useful, I tell them I learned to pack my bags like an expert and to keep my shirts from wrinkling on long trips!

But, speaking seriously, I was out on the field day after day, improving my game wherever I could. I was getting experience and, take it from me, that's fundamental. In baseball, as in almost anything you do, there's no substitute for experience.

A rookie finds, up in the major leagues, that lots of things have changed. Some changes are easy to get used to; others aren't. The hotels, the mode of travel, and the wages are all a great deal better. And out on the field, the pitchers, too, are better! A hitter's got to watch them every minute. They're smarter—they've got control. It's no use settling back and waiting for them to ease up or make a mistake. They don't make any mistakes in the majors!

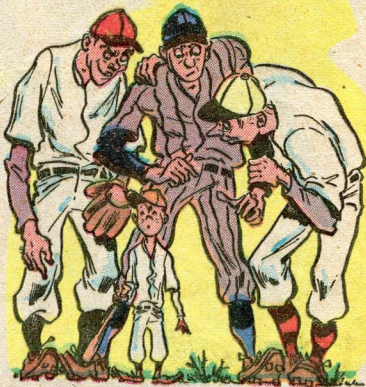
And those eight other fellows out there on the diamond aren't giving away any base knocks, either. Their fielding is consistently good and they're out to make base hits mighty hard to get.

During my first year, I learned to work on my weak points, to play the hitters, to watch how different pitchers operate. I had to take the good days with the bad, and, believe me, some of the bad days were hard to take! But for a young player trying to make the grade, there's always welcome help. Manager Mel Ott is a great inspiration, both as an all-time all-star and a leader. He took me in hand, as he does all young rookies, and helped me greatly.

Pitchers? Cincinnati's Ewell Blackwell has the edge on them all. Spahn and Sain of Boston are great, too, and Branch of the Dodgers is right up there. Our own Larry Jansen is one fellow I'm glad I don't have to hit against. No, I don't seem to have any "cousins"—not that I can remember. Among the best hitters in the league, for my money, are Johnny Mize, Harry Walker, Stan Musial, Phil Cavaretta, Walker Cooper, Willard Marshall, and Bob Elliott.

It's my opinion that competition is getting tougher all the time. More young ball players are aiming for the major-league. Every club is building up its farms and scouting players on every school diamond and sand lot in the country. Baseball wages are going up, too.

If you're a high-school outfielder or a sand-lot pitcher with big-league ambitions, be observant,



alert, and willing to learn. Keep trying to improve your game. Practice every chance you get. Don't become discouraged if you have a bad day. It takes time for a young player to overcome awkwardness, to gain smoothness and rhythm. If you really want to be a major leaguer, don't let up when the breaks are bad. Remember always that if you have natural baseball ability, nothing can stop you from getting to the top.

Sure, build up those wrist and back muscles—but don't let your brain go stale. Learn to talk to people and express yourself. By exercising your personality, you gain confidence and help your ball-playing. As in most skilled occupations, a baseball player needs self-confidence.

I had to develop that confidence playing before the biggest crowds in my career. I had to learn to relax, to think "under fire." Brother, when that split-second, three-and-two pitch is whizzing toward the plate, there's no time for mulling things over!

Baseball's not an easy job, as many a fellow seems to think—not if you're going to be a top-notch. To become a major league star takes hard work and constant practice. If you're a budding ball player, take care of yourself, physically and mentally—keep regular hours, eat regular meals—give your body a chance to develop. Good habits show up on the ball field and pay off in the "games won" column!



Like a spring released, the horse shot forward. Barry's head snapped back but he clung desperately to the saddle.

TRAIL OF FEAR

By **TED KNOLES**,
Author of "Triple Treasure"

**Stalked for years by his terror of horses,
Barry faces the choice of conquering this
strange fear, or . . .**

"AFTER breakfast, boys," Mr. Bradley said to his son, Jim, and their guest, "I'd like you two to ride over the west pasture to take a look at the winter haystacks."

Barry dropped his fork with a clatter. He glanced at Jim. The keen-eyed ranch boy was aware of his friend's fear of horses.

Mr. Bradley went on, "You can stay overnight in the cabin and inspect the fence." His voice became more serious. "You know, Jim, how much we depend on that hay to carry our stock through the winter."

"I know, Dad," agreed Jim soberly. He looked significantly at his guest. "It's really quite a long ride, Barry."

Barry said, "I'd like to go, but I'm not much of a rider."

His very flesh crawled at the thought of mounting a horse. Three years ago, he had been learning to ride a mildly bucking bronco when a cowpoke at the rodeo was thrown and seriously injured before his eyes. He'd never ridden since, if he could possibly avoid it. But now he wanted to be a real help instead of a mere guest at this Canadian ranch.

Jim was saying, "Barry can ride Jeff; he's just like a regular old plowhorse."

Breakfast over, there was no further excuse to delay the ordeal. Barry forced himself to mount the stolid Jeff. In spite of the sick feeling that shuddered through him, perhaps he could

overcome his unreasoning fear.

They rode over the North Alberta prairies through clumps of willow and quaking aspens coated with sparkling crystal. After a time some of the tenseness left him and he was able to breathe more easily. But Barry was miserably conscious of the way his companion held his spirited pony, Flash, to a walk.

"Just over this hill now," Jim finally announced.

They topped the rise and pulled up short. "Look!" Jim gasped.

Rapidly pawing the snow from the haystacks below, were two or three hundred magnificently-antlered elk!

"They're eating our hay!" Jim shouted. He loosened his lariat and urged his horse to a gallop.

Barry's breath was torn from his lungs as Jeff also plunged forward. The elk broke into a run. Lightly they sailed over the fence that surrounded the haystacks. Well ahead of Barry, Jim was vainly swinging his lariat after the fleeing herd.

As the leaders reached the brush, Jim yelled, "Now we've got them!" But the elk tipped back their heads so that their antlers lay streamlined along their arched necks, crashed through the brush, and disappeared.

Jim pulled his panting horse around and went back to Barry. The ranch boy's face was taut with dismay as he pointed to the four-wire fence now trampled flat in many places. "Those big

hungry hay-burners have made away with at least ten tons of our winter feed!"

Barry, shaking violently, was easing himself to the ground. No matter what Jim thought of him, he was sure he'd never be able to mount that black horse—or any horse—again.

Jeff's ears lay back wickedly and his eyes were rolling wildly. Jim spoke soothingly to the excited horse, saying, "You always did hate elk, didn't you, old fellow?" He turned to Barry, saying, "Be very careful that he doesn't break away and go after that herd of elk."

Let him go, thought Barry, shuddering.

Then, with Jim still furiously berating the thieving elk, the boys repaired the fence. As though to make up for his weakness, Barry worked desperately. Finally, exhausted, they cooked and ate their supper, rolled in their blankets, and went to sleep in the cabin a quarter of a mile from the haystacks.

Jim was out at daybreak. Barry, following, heard him say, "They did it again!"

In a matter of seconds Jim was on Flash and darting after the bulky antlered shapes. "Come on!" he yelled to Barry.

Jeff was pulling at his rope, anxious to join the chase. Gingerly, Barry untied the tether-rope and the black horse tore away, riderless.

Now the huge elk were fitting

by, ghostly gray forms in the early light.

"Barry!" Jim was calling.

He found Jim sprawled on the ground while Flash stood by, reins trailing.

"I've knocked my knee out of joint," Jim gasped. "It's not serious, but I won't be able to ride. You'll have to ride to the ranch for help!"

Barry hesitated, his heart pounding, then said slowly, "I'll have to catch Jeff."

"Jeff?" Jim asked. "Did he stampede after the elk?"

Barry nodded. Jim whistled and said, "Then he won't be back for some time. You'll have to ride Flash." Barry could feel the color drain out of his face. Jim said instantly, "But of course *you* can't ride him! He's too ornery. There are only a couple of us at the ranch that can handle Flash." He added resignedly, "We'll have to wait until Dad sends someone after us."

Barry felt a flush of shame burn clear to his eyes. He said in a tight voice, "It's my fault that Jeff got away." His heart hammered protestingly, his tongue shrank from uttering the words, but he went on, "I'll ride Flash."

As Jim watched him with wondering eyes, Barry crossed the clearing. Flash watched his approach indifferently, but as Barry took the reins the bay horse rolled his eyes and stiffened.

"He's going to buck. Look out!" Jim yelled from the cabin.

Impelled by some power beyond himself, Barry was already in the saddle. Then Flash went into action. He squatted in a half-sitting position. Barry grabbed for the saddle-horn. Like a spring released, the horse shot forward. Barry's head snapped back but he clung desperately to the saddle. Flash stopped short, then began to buck in a close circle. Barry, to his own amazement, suddenly began to find a wild exhilaration in the violent contest. But as though deciding that the test was over, the big bay abruptly quit his efforts to unseat his rider, and stood perfectly still. Then he nickered and shook himself gently.

"All right, boy," Barry gasped. "Let's get going!" The horse obeyed instantly.

As Barry rode by the cabin door, Jim leaned out and shouted,

"That's riding him! You can trust him now!"

Barry drew a deep breath of the sharp sweet air. Free! Free of the grip of shameful fear! Hardly daring to believe it, realizing only that the urgent need of the moment had driven away his terror, Barry settled himself for the long ride to the ranch house.

Turning off the trail, he took the short cut through the woods. Now that his personal battle was won, he was eager to reach the ranch, get help for Jim and send guards for the precious winter hay.

It was not until some time later when the unfamiliar path ended abruptly at a stream, that Barry realized he was lost. After riding distractedly along the bank of the stream, he came to a stop, staring at Flash's pointed ears. Horses always knew their way home. He let the reins drop. "Home, boy."

But Flash seemed to await further instructions. Barry felt his new-found assurance slipping away, and the old panic began to rise in him. Then he remembered something Jim was always saying—"Trust your pony."

Barry had to admit that he was afraid to swing down out of the saddle. He might never have the courage to remount, and, if he did, would he be able to stay on? Suppose Flash should decide to put on another bucking exhibition! As though divining his thoughts, the big bay twitched nervously. Barry shuddered. He thought of Jim, with an injured knee, anxiously waiting for help at the cabin.

He set his teeth and slid to the ground. Tying the reins to a tree, he remarked conversationally that they'd take a little rest and then go home. "You have to talk to your horse," Jim had always said. "Treat him like a good friend—a pal."

Barry removed the saddle and briskly rubbed the shining red hide, talking all the time, not knowing whether it was to keep up his own courage or to win the pony's confidence. After a while he carefully replaced the saddle. To his great relief, Flash stood still while he remounted.

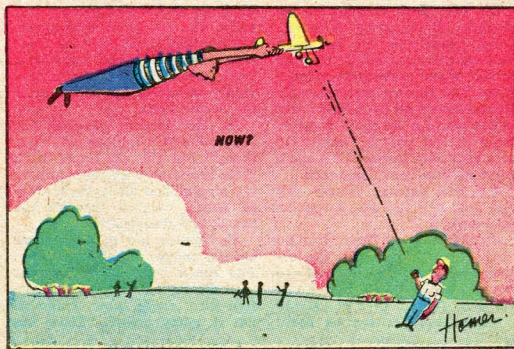
Then, his breath quickened by suspense, he grasped the reins and said casually, "Home, Flash."

The pony immediately plunged into the forest and began trotting swiftly and surely as though a trail were marked out for him. Barry felt like shouting his triumph and relief, but restrained his joy to a quiet "Good boy!"

It was not long before they emerged from the forest and were in sight of the ranch house, where Mr. Bradley listened to Barry's report and immediately gave a crisp order to a cowboy who hurried to him.

"Thanks, Barry," the rancher paused to say as Barry turned to lead Flash to the corral. "You know, son, I had a queer notion you didn't care for horses. Guess I was wrong."

Barry hesitated, then said softly, "Yes, Mr. Bradley, I guess you were." Then, with a fond glance at Flash, "I guess we were *both* wrong!"



MAKE YOUR OWN

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A	B	C
D	E	F
G	H	I

J	K	L
M	N	O
P	Q	R

T	S
U	V

X	W
Y	Z

A IS J, B IS U
X IS V, AND SO ON.

Here's a sample message:

LEO VE EK NE > O
COME TO MY HOUSE

ANYONE can use the master code key as it is, but if you rearrange the order of the letters, you will have a secret code all your own. Instead of placing the letters of the alphabet in their usual order—A B C D E F, etc.—as they are in the code above, jumble them up. Like this . . .

Y	B	N
A	R	F
O	H	G

C	E	L
J	K	D
I	M	P

W	Z
T	U

S	V
Y	X

If you want to write your message with invisible ink, use ordinary milk or orange juice, and a toothpick for a pen. To make the message appear, put it on top of a hot radiator. The heat will quickly make your message visible.

Here's a sample message for you to decode by using the master code key:

< E < F O J
T F O V V <
> E J F V
C O L L E >

BELOW is a secret code key for you to fill in. Then tear it out and keep it. Make a few copies for the friends with whom you want to communicate—and you're all ready to send secret messages!

Answer: "You're a pretty smart fellow."

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CAB-17

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BIGBRAIN BILLY'S

FLIGHT to SATURN

IN A GOVERNMENT OFFICE IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL... A TASK OF HIGH ADVENTURE LOOKS FOR BILLY!

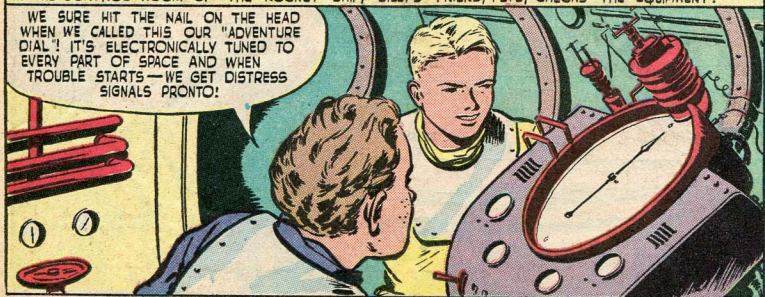
YOU'RE TAKING ON A HAZARDOUS JOB, YOUNG MAN! DR. JACKSON WILL ACCOMPANY YOU AND PETE AS OBSERVER.

YES, SIR... I REALIZE THE DANGERS OF A PIONEER FLIGHT TO SATURN.



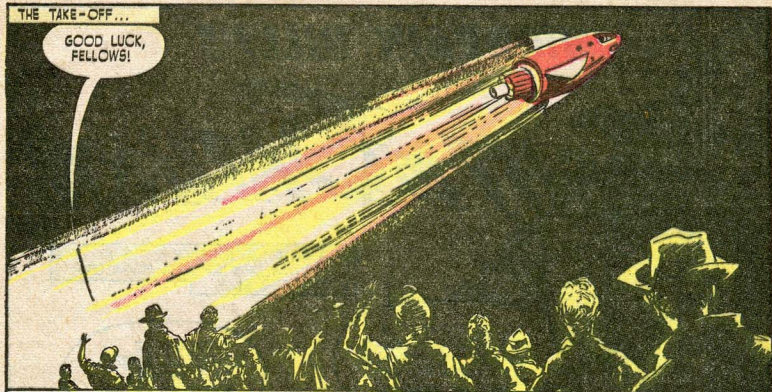
IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE ROCKET SHIP, BILLY'S FRIEND, PETE, CHECKS THE EQUIPMENT.

WE SURE HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD WHEN WE CALLED THIS OUR "ADVENTURE DIAL"! IT'S ELECTRONICALLY TUNED TO EVERY PART OF SPACE AND WHEN TROUBLE STARTS—WE GET DISTRESS SIGNALS PRONTO!



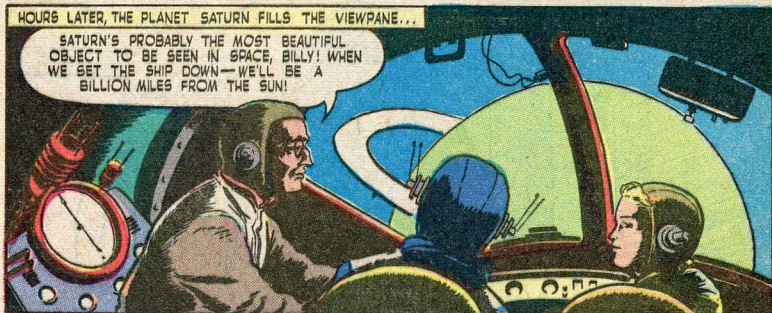
THE TAKE-OFF...

GOOD LUCK,
FELLOWS!

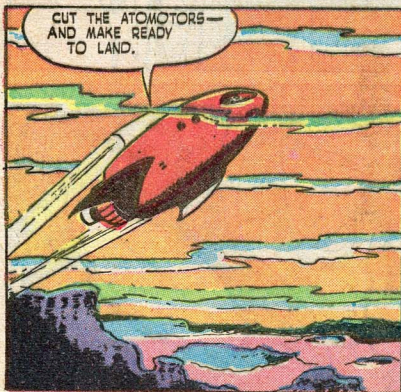


HOURS LATER, THE PLANET SATURN FILLS THE VIEWPANE...

SATURN'S PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
OBJECT TO BE SEEN IN SPACE, BILLY! WHEN
WE SET THE SHIP DOWN—WE'LL BE A
BILLION MILES FROM THE SUN!



CUT THE ATOMOTORS—
AND MAKE READY
TO LAND.

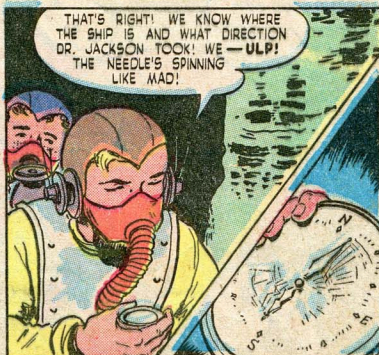
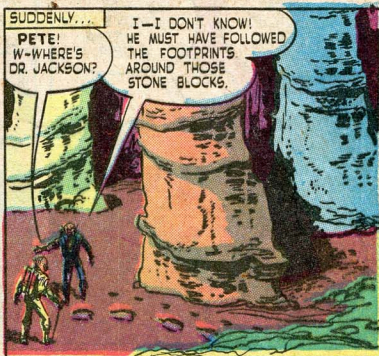
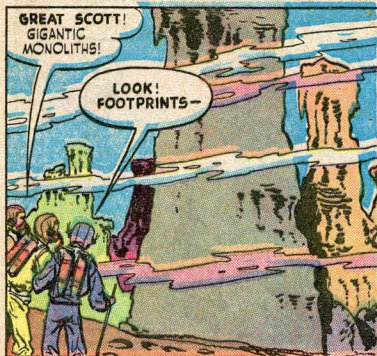
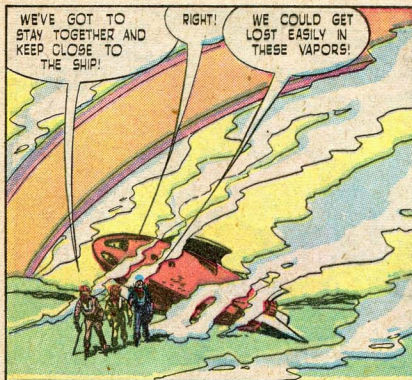


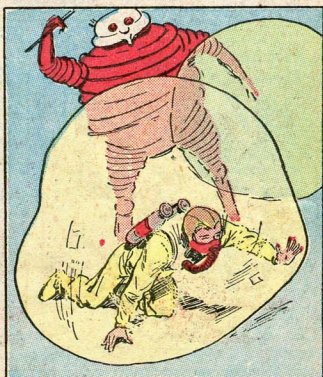
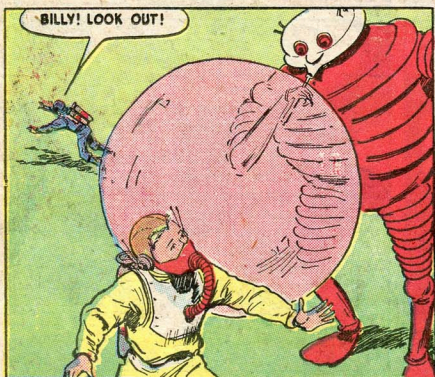
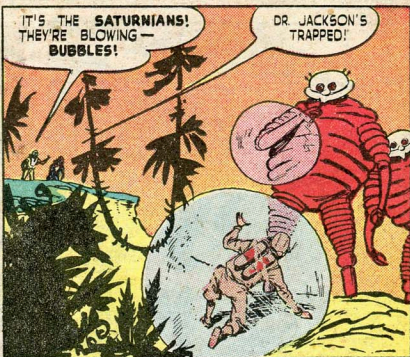
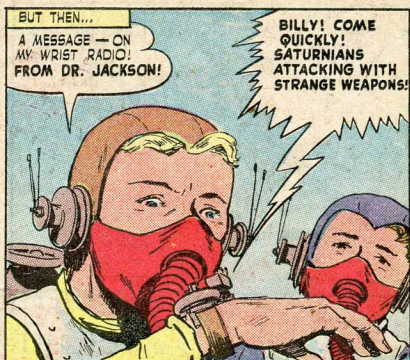
A SHORT TIME LATER...

NOW TO FIND
OUT IF SATURN
IS INHABITED!

YES...CAREFUL
WITH THAT
OXYGEN APPARATUS,
PETE!

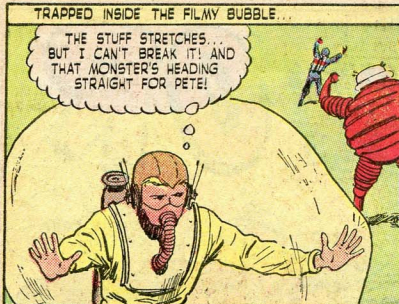




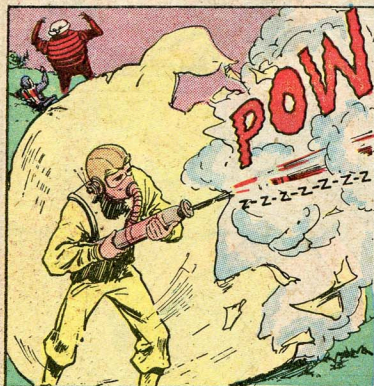
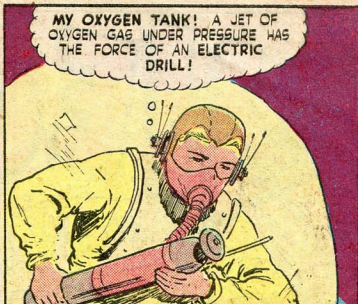


TRAPPED INSIDE THE FILMY BUBBLE...

THE STUFF STRETCHES...
BUT I CAN'T BREAK IT! AND
THAT MONSTER'S HEADING
STRAIGHT FOR PETE!

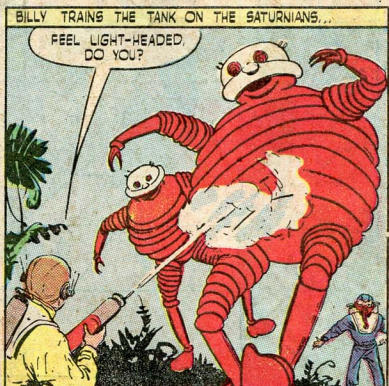


MY OXYGEN TANK! A JET OF
OXYGEN GAS UNDER PRESSURE HAS
THE FORCE OF AN ELECTRIC
DRILL!



BILLY TRAINS THE TANK ON THE SATURNIANS...

FEEL LIGHT-HEADED,
DO YOU?



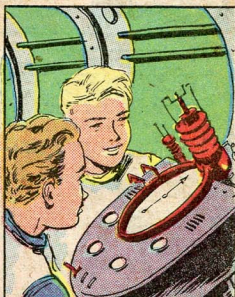
THAT OXYGEN SHOWER
ACTED LIKE LAUGHING
GAS! THEY AREN'T USED
TO SO MUCH OXYGEN!
IT KNOCKED THEM OUT.

THAT
KNOCKOUT
CAME
NONE TOO
SOON!



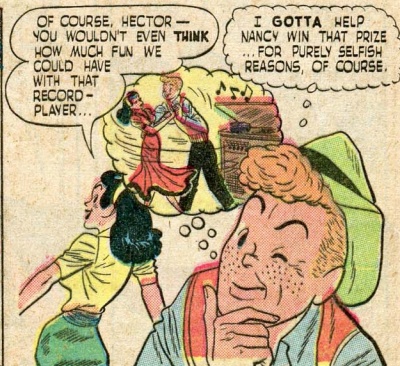
BACK ON EARTH...

DR. JACKSON, THIS
IS TREMENDOUS! WE
KNOW NOW THAT
SATURN IS INHABITED
AND—EH! WHERE'S
BILLY!

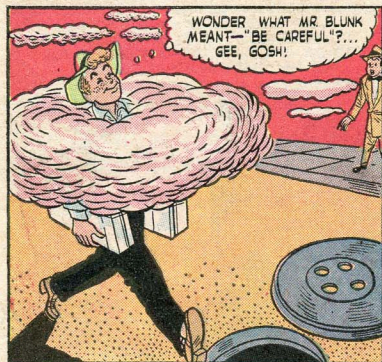
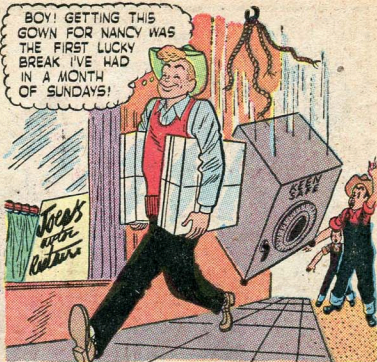
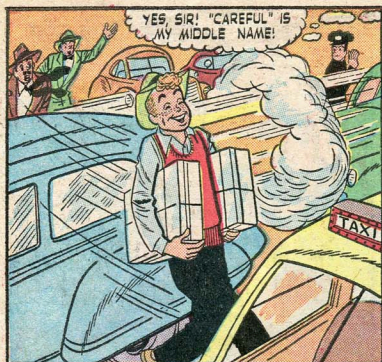


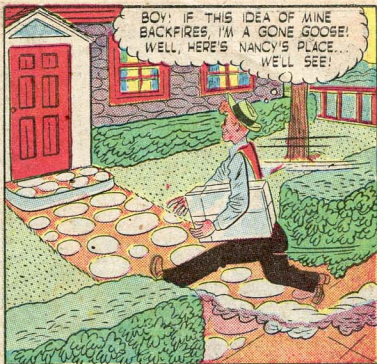
BUT BILLY AND PETE ARE
ALREADY TUNING IN THE
"ADVENTURE DIAL" FOR
ANOTHER SPIN INTO SPACE...
TO BE PICTURED IN THE
NEXT EXCITING ISSUE!

HECTOR









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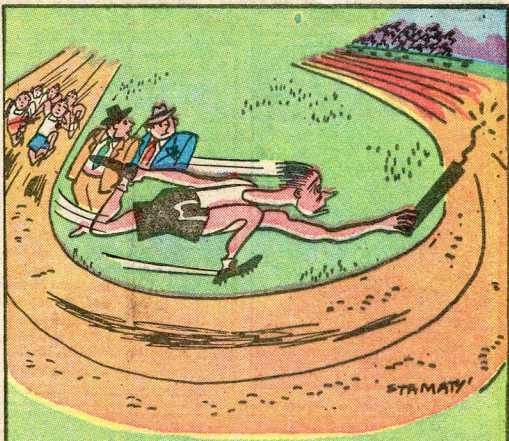
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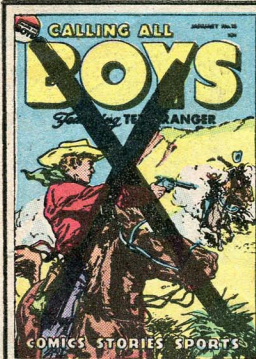
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CALLING ALL BOYS

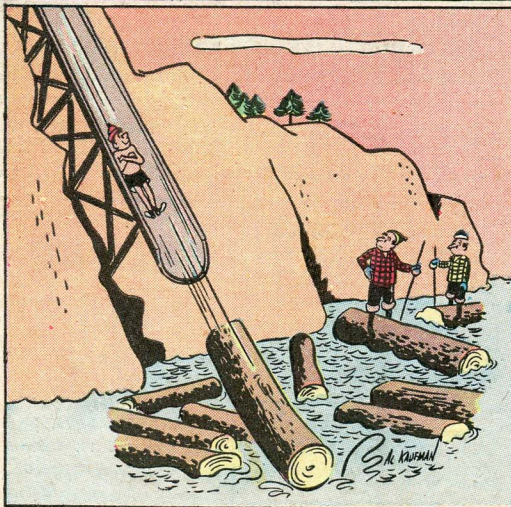
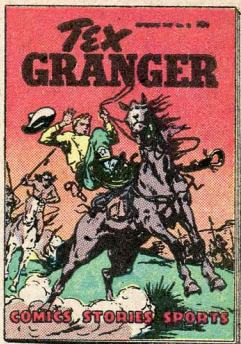
CALLING ALL BOYS, May, 1948 issue. No. 17. Published bimonthly by Calling All Boys, Inc., a subsidiary of publishers of Parents' Magazine.

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Publisher.....ELLIOTT A. CAPLIN
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Associate Art Editors:
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NEXT MONTH THIS MAGAZINE CHANGES IT NAME!



Response of our readers to Tex Granger, the western character created in the pages of CALLING ALL BOYS, has been so great that beginning with the next issue, this magazine will be known as the **TEX GRANGER ADVENTURE MAGAZINE**. This new magazine will retain such favorite features as **COACH'S CORNER** and **HECTOR** — and contain **TWENTY FULL PAGES** of Tex Granger's exciting western adventures. Your signature on the coupon to be found elsewhere in this magazine will transfer the balance of your **CALLING ALL BOYS** subscription to **TEX GRANGER**, which will appear in June.



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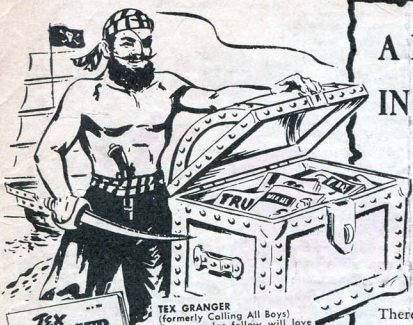
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